

## SONG OF THE FLOW.

BY WILL CARLTON.

I.  
Ye drawing-rooms and palaces, I recognize  
your splendor,  
Your ladies bright and beautiful—the power of  
their defenders;  
The white creep across the field, and tell for  
man's extinction,  
And see his roses and minarets that sparkle in  
the distance.

But will it be known that in the soil your best  
found treasures lie?  
What would you do, what could you do, and  
were it not for me?  
Unless I pierce the darkness where the golden  
rain has birth,  
Your beauty and your brightness will go  
crumbling to the earth!

So, drawing-rooms and palaces,  
Lay by your social fallacies,  
And listen for a moment, till you've heard the  
cheerful cry  
Of the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the  
world along!

II.  
Ye rumbling manufactories, that loom as bold  
as mountains,  
And send your steeple of smoke aloft in ra-  
venculous fountains,  
I see you're very temperate, in flakes of  
under burning.

I strike a match of flinty fire, the bright salute  
returning;  
But think, how closely coupled in our varied  
works we are!  
What would you make, what could you make,  
and were it not for me?

I build you and I feed you and your servants  
all I keep;  
My stalks and blossoms tell for you when  
others are asleep.

No recruited my royalty,  
In honest, earnest loyalty,  
And see a bushy scepter in the sharp and  
gleaming grass  
Of the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the  
world along!

III.  
Ye billows of the argosies that miles of ocean  
rears,  
Trade's never ceasing pendulums are swinging  
to your pleasure;  
Your cities dotted with spire and dome, in  
spite of waves and weather,  
Go traveling from shore to shore, a thousand  
leagues together!

And yet, from my unceasing toil, your gran-  
deur is not free!  
Where would you sail, where could you sail,  
and were it not for me?

But little might those gallant flights to you or  
others yield,  
If there's not for my voyages across the fertile  
field.

So share my grim emotions,  
Gallant plowmen of the oceans,  
And ring out a jolly chorus, and we'll make it  
loud and strong,  
For the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the  
world along!

IV.  
Ye potatoes of the merchant—ye traders and  
ye bankers,  
In whose capacious harbors wealth is casting  
all its anchors;  
I bow to your magnificence—I like your brain  
and daring.

I know your table luxuries—the jewels you  
are wearing!  
But lay aside your vanity, this humble truth  
to see:

What would you own, what could you own,  
and were it not for me?

Look well I clothe the fallow-lands, and feed  
the cattle fold;  
You will not wear your iron, and you cannot  
eat your gold!

So drop all needless vanity,  
Good cash-bills of human ty;  
For your success is fastened, with a never-break-  
ing thong,  
To the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the  
world along!

V.  
Ye legislators, exorators, and dignitaries  
awful,  
Who make receipts for keeping men respectable  
and lawful,  
Ye teachers and ye preachers, and you who the  
presses borrow,  
To raise your heroes high to-day, and pull them  
down to-morrow;  
Ye workers in all sorts of brain—on one affair  
agree:

How would you rule, how could you rule, and  
were it not for me?

The monarchs of this Western world have  
marched behind the plow;  
The boys who yet shall be the same are in the  
furrow now!

So bow to my utility,  
You men of brain—ability;  
And make me first and foremost of the great  
progressive throng,  
Yes, the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the  
world along!

VI.  
Though simple my biography, 'twould fill out  
many pages;  
I was within a tree-top born, in very distant  
ages;

They dragged me in my infancy, or sleeping  
in a ball and bow;  
But where I went, Prosperity was ever sure to  
follow—

Rich harvests were the children of this bantling  
of a tree;  
How would they grow, how could they grow,  
and were it not for me?

So they shed me and they armed me with the  
metal of the mines,  
Till my limbs are iron-forged, and my breast as  
silver-shroued.

So crown me with sincerity  
As mouth of prosperity,  
And as the foremost enemy of famine, shame  
and wrong;  
I'm the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the  
world along!

\* See well known, the first plow was made of the  
branches of a tree.

## NEEDLE AND THREAD.

"An old bachelor?" said Honora May-

wood.

"That's what he told me, just in so  
many words," said Mrs. Pennypacker,  
who stood on the threshold of her best  
room, with her head tied in a pocket  
handkerchief, and a hair broom in her  
hand, where she had gesticulated, after a  
tragic fashion, as she talked, while  
Miss Maywood, tall and slender as a  
wild lily, stood in the hall, with a roll  
of music under her arm, and her figure  
wrapped in a shabby black shawl.

"And he's willing to pay my price,  
cash, every Sunday night. Never at-  
tempted to heat me down a penny, if  
you'll believe it, my dear."

"Why should he?" said Honora.

"Most people do, my dear," said Mrs.  
Pennypacker. "A wrinkled old widow  
like me, who has her living to earn, is  
mostly fair game for everybody. But  
he never objected to my terms. A real

gentleman, my dear—every inch of  
him. But he's a little particular I'm  
afraid."

"I suppose most old bachelors are,"  
said Miss Maywood, smiling.

"Yes, my dear—yes!" nodded Mrs.  
Pennypacker. "But this gentleman is  
beyond the average, I think."

"And if he is?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Pennypacker,  
making a dab with her broom handle  
at a stray moth fluttering against the  
damask window curtains; "nothing, ex-  
cept that one don't know where to have  
him. He drinks only English break-  
fast, and he wants his pie-crust  
made with the best Alderney butter,  
instead of lard, as good enough for  
other people; and he must have venti-  
lators to all the windows, and an open  
grate, instead of the base burning  
stove; and—I hope you'll not be of-  
fended my dear—but he particularly  
dislikes a piano."

"Dislikes a piano?" said the little  
music teacher reddening in spite of her-  
self.

"And he says, says he: 'I hope, Mrs.  
Pennypacker, that there is no piano in  
the house. A piano,' says he, 'plays  
the deuce with my nervous system,  
with its everlasting rum, tum!' These  
were his words, my dear. So I court-  
esied, and says I: 'You'll not be trou-  
bled with one here, sir.' And so, my  
dear, I'll be grateful if you won't  
mind doing your practice until he's  
out for his daily walk—from one to  
three, just as regular as a clock."

Miss Maywood looked piously up in  
the landlady's face.

"I will do anything to oblige you,  
Mrs. Pennypacker," she said earnestly.

"I haven't forgotten how much I am  
indebted to you, both in actual money  
and in kindness, which money can  
never repay."

And her soft blue eyes filled with tears  
as she spoke.

"My dear, don't say a word," said  
Mrs. Pennypacker, hastily. "You've  
been sick and you've got a little behind,  
and it's quite natural you should be a  
little lopsided now and then. But you  
mustn't get discouraged. Things  
will look up after a while. And you are  
quite welcome to stay on here until  
you're able to settle up your little ac-  
count."

Honora Maywood sighed as she  
thought how often her little advertise-  
ment had been inserted in the daily  
newspapers without attracting the least  
notice from the world of patrons and  
pupils. There are so many "capa-  
ble music teachers, willing to give  
lessons at moderate prices" nowadays,  
and how was anyone to know how sorely  
she needed the money?

And as time went on and no pupils  
came, Honora began to ask herself  
seriously whether she should go out in  
some menial capacity, or stay gontely  
at home and starve.

"Clothes, ma'am."

Honora started from her reverie as the  
washerwoman's stumpy little girl banged  
herself, like a human battering-ram,  
up against the door, with a preposterous-  
ly large basket on her arm.

"Yes," said Honora coloring. "Put  
them down, Sally. But I—I'm afraid  
it isn't convenient to pay your mother,  
to-day."

"Mother didn't say nothin' 'bout the  
pay," said Sally, wiping her forehead  
with a whisk of her feet, sniffling her  
self nearly off of her feet. "I was to  
leave the clothes with her 'umble duty,  
and she 'oped they'd suit; but it was  
that damp on Monday and Tuesday as  
starch wouldn't stick. And she 'opes  
you'll excuse all mistakes, as they'll be  
done better next time."

"I daresay they are quite right,"  
said Honora, with a little sigh, as she  
marvelled at this unexpected access of  
courtesy on the part of her Miesian  
landlady.

But when Sally had stumped off down  
stairs, her flapping slippers beating a  
sort of tattoo as she went, and Miss May-  
wood took off the fringed towel that  
covered the basket of clothes, she gave  
a little start.

"Shirts," said Honora, "and socks,  
and turn-over collars, No. 16, and great  
big pocket handkerchiefs, like the sails  
of a ship, and white vests, and—good-  
ness me! what does it all mean? Mrs.  
Mulvey has sent me some gentleman's  
wardrobe by mistake. I must send  
these things back at once."

But then Miss Maywood looked down  
at the articles in grave consideration.

"I never had a brother," mused Miss  
Maywood; "and I can't remember my  
father; but if this I am quite certain,  
if I had either one or the other, I should  
thank a girl to mend their dilapidated  
wardrobes, if they looked like this.  
And Mrs. Mulvey can't send before  
night, and unfortunately I have nothing  
to do, so I'll just mend this poor  
young fellow's clothes, whoever he may  
be. A half-starved theological student,  
perhaps, training for the Polynesian  
Islands; or, perhaps, a newspaper re-  
porter, or a pale clerk under the daz-  
zling skylights of some dry-goods palace.  
At all events, he's worse off than I am,  
for he can't mend his own clothes, and I  
can."

And the smiles dimpled around  
Honora Maywood's little rosebud of a  
mouth, as she sat down to darn holes,  
sew on tapes, and insert patches.

"He'll never know who did it," said  
Honora to herself, "but if I daresay he'll  
be thankful; and if one can get a  
chance to do a little good in this world,  
one ought not to grudge one's time and  
trouble."

And as Honora stitched away she  
mused sadly whether or not she ought  
to accept a position which had offered  
itself as assistant matron in an orphan

asylum, where the work would be al-  
most unendurable, and the pay next to  
nothing, with no Sundays nor holidays,  
and a ladies' committee consisting of  
three starched old maids, to "sit" up  
on her the first Friday of every month.

"I almost think I'd rather starve,"  
said Honora. "But, dear me! starving  
is a serious business, when one comes  
to consider it face to face."

Sally Mulvey came back, puffing and  
blowing like a human whale, in about  
two hours.

"Mother says she's sent the wrong  
basket," said she, breathlessly.

"I thought it very probable, Sally,"  
said Miss Maywood.

"And mother's compliments," added  
Sally, "and she can't undertake your  
things any longer, Miss Maywood,  
'cause she does a cash business, and  
there ain't nothing been paid on your  
account since last June."

Honora felt herself turning scarlet.

"I am very sorry, Sally," said she.

"Tell your mother I will settle my bill  
as soon as I possibly can."

Sally flounced out of the room, red  
and indignant, like an overcharged  
thunder cloud, and poor little Honora,  
dropping her head on her hands burst  
into tears.

"Pretty girl that—very pretty," said  
Mr. Broderick, the old bachelor to his  
landlady.

"Do you mean—?"

"I mean the young lady border of  
yours that I see on the stairs now and  
then," said Mr. Broderick. "Nice fig-  
ure—big, soft eyes like a gazelle. Didn't  
some one tell me she was a music teach-  
er?"

"That's her profession," said Mrs.  
Pennypacker. "But there ain't many  
pupils as wants tuition, and poor little  
dear, she has but a hard time of it."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Broderick.

"What fools women are not to have a  
regular profession. If I had a daugh-  
ter I'd bring her up a self-supporting  
institution."

And Mr. Broderick disappeared into  
his room, in the midst whereof stood a  
girl with flapping slippers, a portentous  
shawl and bonnet, which had originally  
been manufactured for a woman twice  
her size.

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Bro-  
derick.

"Please, sir, I'm Sally—the washer-  
woman's Sally!" was the response.

"And what do you want here?" said  
Mr. Broderick.

"Please, sir, I've come to bring your  
things," said Sally chattering off her  
lessons like a parrot. "And, please, sir,  
her 'umble duty, and she 'opes they'll  
suit, but it was that damp and muggy,  
Monday and Tuesday, as starch wouldn't  
stick; and she 'opes you'll excuse all  
mistakes, as they'll be done better next  
time, sir—please sir."

"Who mended 'em?" demanded Mr. Bro-  
derick.

"Nobody mended 'em," said Sally.

"And mother she says it's easy to see as  
the new gent is a bachelor, on account  
of the holes in his heels and toes, and  
strings off his dickeres."

"I can tell you who mended 'em,"  
said Mrs. Pennypacker. "For I see her  
at it, the pretty dear—Miss Maywood!"

And says she, 'I don't know whose they  
are, Mrs. Pennypacker; but,' says she,  
'they need mending, and a kind action  
never comes amiss.' No more it does,  
sir, Lord bless her!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Broderick.

"She's right—to more it does. And  
she's a regular scientist at the needle,  
is Miss Maywood. Just look at that  
patch, Mrs. Pennypacker! Euclid's  
geometry couldn't produce a straighter  
line or truer angles. See the toe of that  
stocking! It's like a piece of Gobelins  
tapestry. That's the way I like to see  
things done."

And Mr. Broderick never rested until  
he had been formally introduced to  
Honora Maywood, and he thanked her  
with equal formality for the good offices  
she had unwittingly rendered him.

It was a golden October evening that  
Honora came down into the kitchen,  
where Mrs. Pennypacker was making  
pies for her eccentric boarder, with the  
crusts made of the best Alderney butter  
instead of lard.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear," said Mrs.  
Mrs. Pennypacker, "what a thing it is  
to be an old bachelor!"

"He won't be a bachelor much longer,"  
said Honora, laughing and coloring  
as she laid her cheek on the good  
landlady's cushioning shoulder.

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Pen-  
nypacker.

"He has asked me to marry him,"  
said Honora, "after only two weeks' ac-  
quaintance. He says that a girl who  
can mend stockings like I do needs no  
other text. And he says he loves me;  
and—and—"

"Well?"

"I almost think I love him!" whis-  
pered Miss Maywood.

And so the problem of Honora's soli-  
tary life was solved, all through the  
magic influence of "Needles and  
Thread."

## CAPT. ROBSON'S DISCOVERY.

He finds a New Island in the Atlantic and on  
the land some Curious Remains.

New Orleans, P. M. June.

Yesterday the British steamship Jes-  
mond, Capt. Robson, arrived at this  
port from Messina with a cargo of fruit.

He says that when about two hundred  
miles to the westward of Madeira his  
attention was called to the singular ap-  
pearance of the sea. The water had a  
dark, muddy look, and was covered  
with dead fish as far as the eye could

reach. They were of several species,  
among them being noticed mullet, cod,  
and bass. Soon after entering this field  
of dead fish he observed a faint smoke  
on the horizon nearly ahead, on the  
course of the vessel. Early next morn-  
ing the captain was awakened by the  
second officer and informed that land  
had been sighted in the course of the  
steamer. He was greatly surprised at  
this information, knowing that there  
was no land in this part of the Atlantic.

Upon going on deck, however, he found  
that the report was correct. The dim  
outlines of an island, broken by moun-  
tain peaks, were visible even without  
the use of the glass. Above it hung a  
cloud of smoke. The water was more  
turbid than on the previous day, and  
the shoal of dead fish thicker. Capt.  
Robson deemed it advisable to take  
soundings, not expecting, however, to  
get bottom, as the charts show a depth  
of from 2,000 to 3,000 fathoms in that  
portion of the Atlantic. For some time  
the sounding was without result, but  
suddenly the line brought bottom at fifty  
fathoms. When about four leagues  
distant from the island the Jesmond  
came to anchor in seven fathoms of  
water. The island was located 28 de-  
grees 40 west minutes west, 25 degrees  
north. Capt. Robson determined to  
make an examination of the strange  
land, and the yawl was lowered and  
the captain and one of his officers were  
rowed to the island. A landing was  
effected on the low coast of the western  
border, where a convenient harbor was  
found for the yawl. The captain and  
several of the crew, with some diffi-  
culty, ascended the declivity.

The promontory seemed several  
miles in length, and joined an exten-  
sive plateau, which sloped gently back  
to a chain of mountains at a great dis-  
tance off, from which rose light col-  
umns of smoke. The surface of the  
ground was covered with pumice-stones  
and volcanic debris, and entirely  
destitute of vegetation. It was a  
desolate scene, where not a single  
living thing was to be perceived. The  
captain and his companions started  
on a tour inland, but soon found their  
progress impeded by yawning chasms.

It was therefore determined to return  
to the beach and inspect the island from  
that side. While examining the base of  
the cliff where the rock was fractured  
and twisted as if by some tremendous  
convulsion, and disclosed a bed of  
breccia, a surprising discovery was  
made by one of the sailors. On thrust-  
ing the prong of a boat-hook into the  
loosened mass of gravel, he dislodged  
a stone arrow-head. Excited by this  
incident the search was continued, and  
and other articles of stone were discover-  
ed. A large excavation was made, and  
it was ascertained that the opening led  
between the crumbling remains of what  
must have been massive walls. A num-  
ber of articles were exhumed, such as  
bronze swords, rings, hammers, carvings  
of heads and figures of birds and ani-  
mals, and two vases or jars with frag-  
ments of bone, and one cranium almost  
entire. The most singular thing  
brought to view was what appeared to  
be a mummy, contained in a stone case.  
It was so incased with volcanic depos-  
its as to be scarcely distinguished from  
the rock itself. Much difficulty was  
experienced in dislodging the sarcophagus,  
which was finally taken out whole  
and, with the fossils, transported to the  
steamer.

Capt. Robson would have continued  
this investigation, but as the aspect of  
the weather became less favorable, and  
he could not afford to spend more time  
at the island, he sailed for this port.

He considers that the new island was  
raised from the sea by volcanic action,  
and that the fish were killed by the  
poisonous gases from the volcano. The  
captain thinks that the new land is a  
section of the immense ridge known to  
exist in the Atlantic, and of which the  
Azores and Canaries are a part. He  
took pleasure in exhibiting the fossils  
and curious articles of which he was  
the fortunate finder. The carved heads  
are in the Egyptian style of sculpturing,  
being distinguished by the veil or hood  
which characterizes Egyptian figures.

The urns and vases are spherical with  
large mouths, and upon them may be  
discerned inscriptions in hieroglyphics.  
The edges of the axes and arrow  
heads are blunted and jagged.

The sword is a straight weapon of  
bronze, with a cross-hilt.

"That is the mummy," remarked  
the captain, pointing to what the re-  
porter had taken to be a long block of  
stone. Scrutinizing closely the lidless  
case, the outlines of a human figure  
could be traced through the coating  
of soot and pumice. It will require  
careful handling to remove the coat-  
ing. Capt. Robson proposes to present  
the relics to the British museum at  
London upon his return to Liverpool.

The Cave-Men.

The bones and implements of the  
Cave-men are found in association with  
remains of the reindeer and bison, the  
arctic fox, the mammoth, and the wool-  
ly rhinoceros. They are found in great  
abundance in southern and central Eng-  
land, in Belgium, Germany, and Swit-  
zerland, and in every part of France,  
but nowhere as yet have their remains  
been discovered South of the Alps and  
Pyrenees. A diligent exploration of  
the Pleistocene caves of England and  
France, during the past twenty years,  
has thrown some light upon their mode  
of life. Not a trace of pottery has been  
found anywhere associated with their  
remains, so that it is quite clear that  
the Cave-men did not make earthen-  
ware vessels. Burnt clay is peculiarly  
indestructible material, and where it  
has once been in existence it is sure to

leave plentiful traces of itself. Meat  
was baked in the caves by contact with  
hot stones, or roasted before the blazing  
fire. Fire may have been obtained by  
friction between two pieces of wood, or  
between bits of flint and iron pyrites.  
Clothes were made of the furs of bison,  
reindeer, bears, and other animals,  
rudely sewn together with threads of  
bone and of bear's and lion's teeth. The  
stone tools and weapons were far finer  
in appearance than those of the River-  
driftmen, though they were still chip-  
ped, and not ground. They made bor-  
ers and saws as well as spears and  
arrowheads; and besides these stone  
implements they used spears and ar-  
rows headed with bone, and daggers of  
reindeer antler. The reindeer, which  
thus supplied them with clothes and  
weapons, was also slain for food; and,  
besides, they slew whales and seals on  
the coast of the Bay of Biscay, and in  
the rivers they speared salmon, trout,  
and pike. They also appear to have  
eaten, as well as to have been eaten by,  
the cave-lion and cave bear. Many de-  
tails of their life are preserved to us  
through their extraordinary taste, for  
engraving and carving. Sketches of  
reindeer, mammoths, horses, cave-  
bears, pike and seals, and hunting  
scenes have been found by the hundred,  
incised upon antlers or bones, or some-  
times upon stone; and the artistic skill  
which they show is really astonishing.  
Most savages can make rude drawings  
of objects in which they feel a familiar  
interest, but such drawings are usually  
excessively grotesque, like a child's at-  
tempt to depict a man as a sort of  
figure eight, with four straight lines stand-  
ing forth from the lower half to rep-  
resent the arms and legs. But the  
Cave-men, with a piece of sharp-  
pointed flint, would engrave, on a  
reindeer antler, an outline of a urus  
so accurately that it can be clearly dis-  
tinguished from an ox or a bison. And  
their drawings are remarkable not only  
for their accuracy, but often equally so  
for the taste and vigor with which the  
subject is treated.

Among uncivilized races of men now  
living, there are none which possess  
this remarkable artistic talent save the  
Eskimos; and in this respect there is  
complete similarity between the Eski-  
mos and the Cave-men. But this is by  
no means the only point of agreement  
between the Eskimos and the Cave-men.

Between the sets of tools and weap-  
ons used by the one and by the other  
the agreement is also complete. The  
stone spears and arrow-heads, the sew-  
ing-needles and skin scrapers, used by  
the Eskimos are exactly like the similar  
implements found in the Pleistocene  
caves of France and England. The  
necklaces and amulets of cut teeth and  
daggers made from antler, show an  
equally close correspondence. The re-  
semblances are not merely general, but  
extend so far into details that if mod-  
ern Eskimo remains were to be put in  
European caves they would be indis-  
tinguishable in appearance from the  
remains of the Cave-men which are now  
found there. Now, when these facts  
are taken in connection with the facts  
that the Cave-men were an arctic  
race, and, especially that the musk-  
sloop, which accompanied the ad-  
vance of the Cave-men into Europe, is  
now found only in the country of the  
Eskimos, though its fossil remains are  
scattered in abundance all along a line  
stretching from the Pyrenees through  
Germany, Russia, and Siberia,—when  
these facts are taken in connection, the  
opinion of Mr. Dawkins, that the Cave-  
men were actually identical with the  
Eskimos, seems highly plausible. Noth-  
ing can be more probable than that, in  
early or middle Pleistocene times, the  
Eskimos lived all about the Arctic Circle,  
in Siberia and northern Europe as  
well as in North America; that during  
the coldest portions of the Glacial period  
they found their way as far south as  
the Pyrenees, along with the rest of the  
sub-arctic mammalian fauna to which  
they belonged; and that, as the climate  
grew warmer again, and vigorous ene-  
mies from the south began to press in  
to Europe and compete with them,  
they gradually fell back to the north-  
ward, leaving behind them the enu-  
merable relics of their former presence,  
which we find in the late Pleistocene  
caves of France and England. The  
Eskimos, then, are probably the so-  
called survivors of the Cave-men of the  
Pleistocene period; among the present  
people of Europe the Cave-men have left  
no representatives whatever.

They were not sleighing. "Gladie,  
dear," said she, as she leaned a tender  
cheek on his manly cheeked yster,  
"why are those snow-flakes like your  
mustache?" This pleased him, even  
to have it noticed. "I don't know,"  
he murmured, innocently. "Why are  
they?" "Because they are slow-cov-  
ering down." He drove with both hands  
at this.

The baby's got the croon;  
But Murtle's on the stoop;  
She is sitting in the shadow of the vines,  
By her side a young man stands,  
He has large and ham-like hands,  
And one arm around her waist he gently twines.

In the gloaming still she sits,  
Murtle's hand does cooily fit  
To the shoulder that supports her little head;  
Papa's standing in the hall,  
Pretty soon he'll loudly call;  
"Send that sucker home, and get yourself to bed."

Excess of ceremony is always the  
companion of weak minds; it is a plant  
that will never grow in strong soil.

From the manner in which praise and  
blame are dealt out in this world, an  
honest man ought to covet defamation.

## CHILDREN'S CORNER.

### THE DRILL.

Army and Navy Journal.

"Present arms!" there they are,  
Both stretched out to me—  
Strong and sturdy, smooth and white,  
Fair as arms can be.

"Ground arms!" on the floor.  
Picking up the toys,  
Breaking all within his reach,  
Burst of boys.

"Right wheel!" off his cart,  
"Left wheel!" too, is gone,  
Horse's head is broken off,  
Horse's tail is torn.

"Quick step!" "Forward march!"  
Crying too, he comes;  
Had a battle with the cat—  
"Scratched off before my fums!"

"Shoulder arms!" here at last,  
R and my neck they c're,  
Poor little soldier boy  
Off to quarters goes.